



FRANTIC FUNNIES PLUS ACE ADVENTURES IN...

No. 79

20th JULY 1968

EVERY MONDAY 7d.

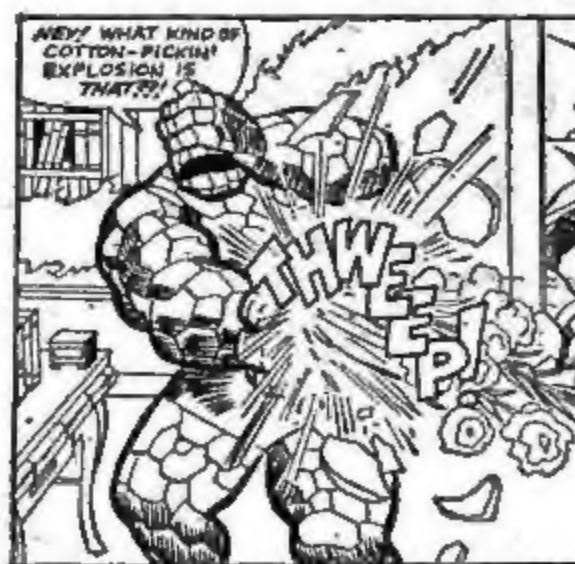
POW! and WHAM!

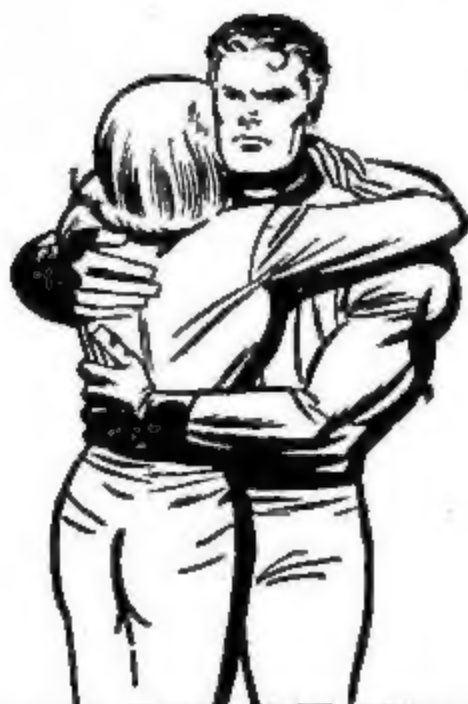
AUSTRALIA 10c. EAST AFRICA 1.00 WEST AFRICA 10c. SOUTH AFRICA 10c. RHODESIA 1/- NEW ZEALAND 1/- (10c)



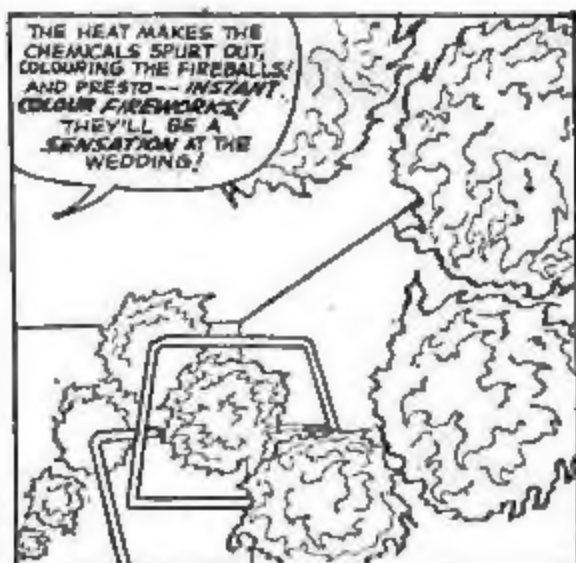
HAVE THE FABULOUS F.F.
FINALLY MET
THEIR MASTERS IN:

THE FRIGHTFUL FOUR!









THE STAGE IS SET, FRANTIC ONES! AND NEXT ISH THE **FRIGHTFUL FOUR** MOVE IN TO THE ATTACK... SO BE HERE!!

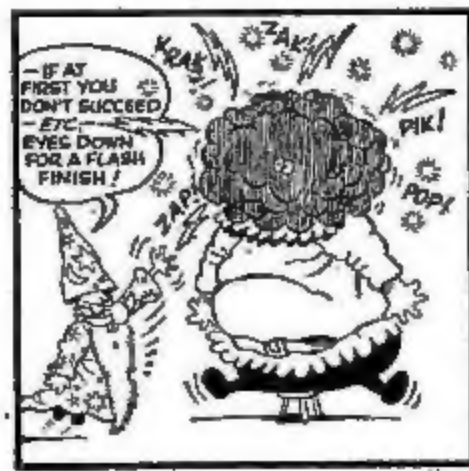
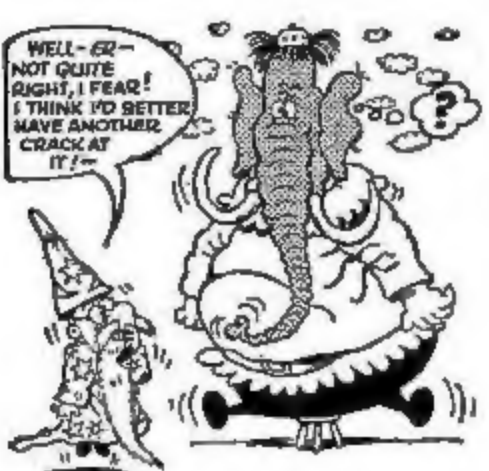
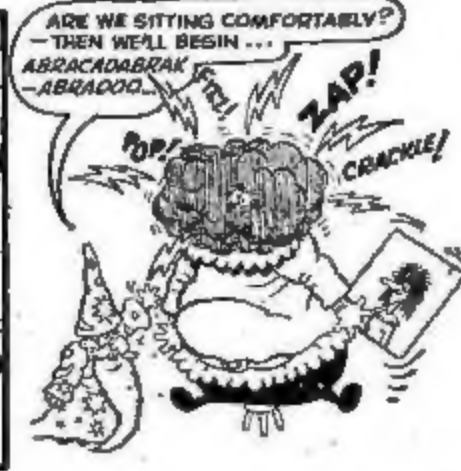
SOMETHING UNFORESEEN IS ALWAYS HAPPENING WHEN HE'S AROUND! —

WIZARD PRANG DEMON DRUID

IN

WIZ WAR!

— HE SPELLS TROUBLE FOR JUST ABOUT EVERYONE! —





"the MYSTERY of the PURPLE PLANET!"



"YOU'VE A RIGHT TO KNOW THE TRUTH! SO HERE IT IS: YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT FOR YEARS WE THOUGHT DISTANT SARTANIA WAS AN UNINHABITABLE PLANET..."





WELL, OUR DIFFERENT MOTIVES DON'T MATTER! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER AND WE WORK AS A TEAM! CHECK?

CHECK!

"AND WE DID WORK AS A TEAM! EACH OF US SKILFULLY PERFORMING HIS JOB UNTIL FINALLY, AFTER 120 HOURS OF SPACE FLIGHT..."



SARTANIA, DEAD AHEAD!

AND THERE'S THE PURPLE MIST, HOVERING AROUND IT... HIDING IT FROM SIGHT!



I WONDER WHY THE SARTANIANS CREATED THIS MIST!

WE'LL SOON FIND OUT!

AT LEAST IT DOESN'T SEEM TO BE RADIO-ACTIVE!

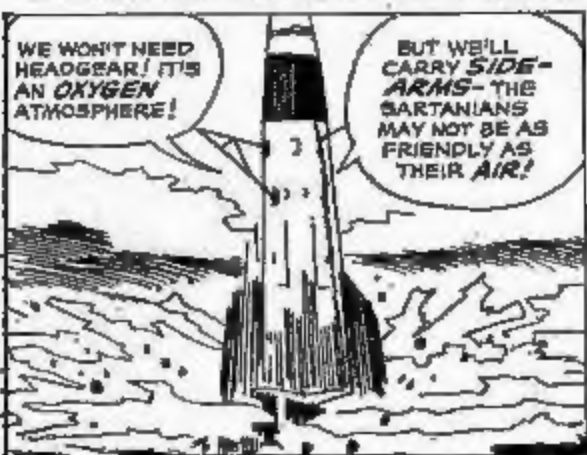


WHEW! WE'RE THROUGH IT!!

AND THERE'S THE PLANET ITSELF!

PREPARE TO LAND!

"WE LANDED WITHOUT MISHAP IN A RURAL AREA..."



WE WON'T NEED HEADGEAR! IT'S AN OXYGEN ATMOSPHERE!

BUT WE'LL CARRY SIDE-ARMS--THE SARTANIANS MAY NOT BE AS FRIENDLY AS THEIR AIR!

"BUT THEN, WHEN WE TOUCHED DOWN... WHEN WE OPENED THE DOOR..."



I DON'T SEE ANYONE AROUND!!

HEY, LOOK! LOOK! OVER THERE!

WOW! WHAT A FIND!



GOLD! THE LAND IS FULL OF GOLD!!

JUST IN THIS AREA ALONE THERE'S ENOUGH TO MAKE US ALL MILLIONAIRES!!

AFTER YEARS OF EXPLORATION WE FINALLY STRUCK IT RICH!

"BUT BEFORE THE CREW COULD TOUCH ANY OF THE GOLD..."



NO TAKE! NO TAKE!

SARTANIANS! THEY'RE SPEAKING ENGLISH!

THEY MUST'VE MONITORED OUR CONVERSATION AS WE LANDED!

AND THEY LEARNED JUST ENOUGH OF THE LANGUAGE TO TELL US TO LEAVE THEIR GOLD ALONE!



WELL, NUTS TO 'EM! THEY'VE GOT A PLANET FULL OF GOLD! THEY'LL NEVER MISS THIS LITTLE BIT!

NO TAKE GOLD!

LET ALONE! LET ALONE!

WE'D BETTER OBEY THEM! THIS IS THEIR PLANET! WE'VE NO RIGHT TO TAKE ANYTHING WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION!



IT'S ALL RIGHT FOR YOU TO FEEL THAT WAY, BENTLEY! YOU'RE ALREADY RICH! BUT WE'RE NOT!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, BENTLEY? DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE ANYONE ELSE GET A BREAK?

THAT'S NOT THE POINT! YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT.

BA-LONY!



THIS GUN GIVES ME ALL THE RIGHT I NEED! NOW KEEP BACK, YOU CHARACTERS, OR I'LL FIRE!

C'MON, BOYS, LET'S START LOADING THE GOLD ONTO THE SHIP!

NO! NO TAKE! NO TAKE!

YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE, SMITH!

"BUT MY PROTESTS WERE USELESS! THE MEN WERE TOO BLINDED BY THE GOLD... BY THE PROSPECT OF BECOMING RICH! THEY HAD THROWN ALL MORALITY--ALL SENSE OF RIGHT OR WRONG--TO THE WIND!"



AFTER THIS, WE'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK ANOTHER DAY!

IT'LL BE WINE, WOMEN AND SONG!! FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES!



"BUT, AS THEY HAULED THE GOLD TO THE SHIP..."

I... I SUDDENLY FEEL-- STRANGE!

FUNNY-- SO DO I!

I FEEL ALMOST AS THOUGH I'M... I'M CHANGING SOMEHOW!



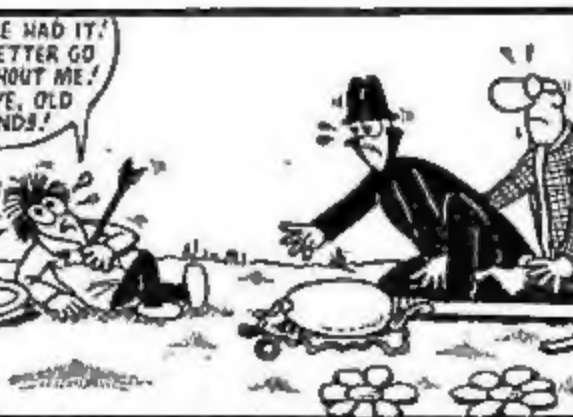
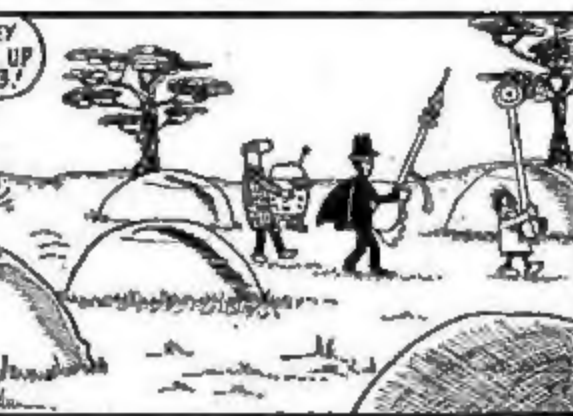
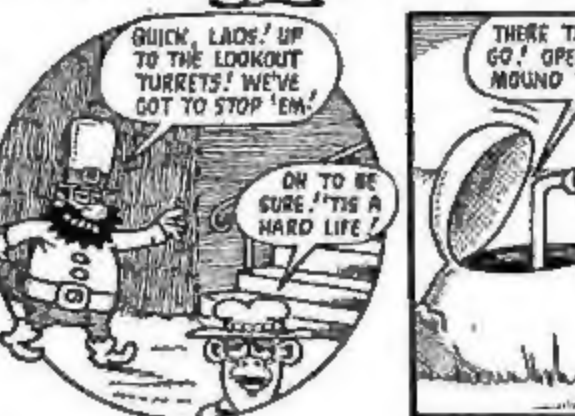
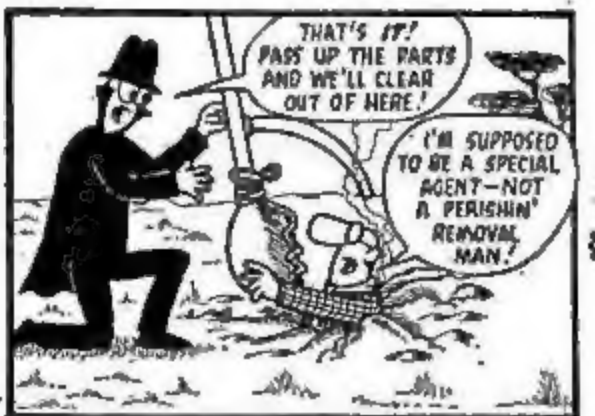
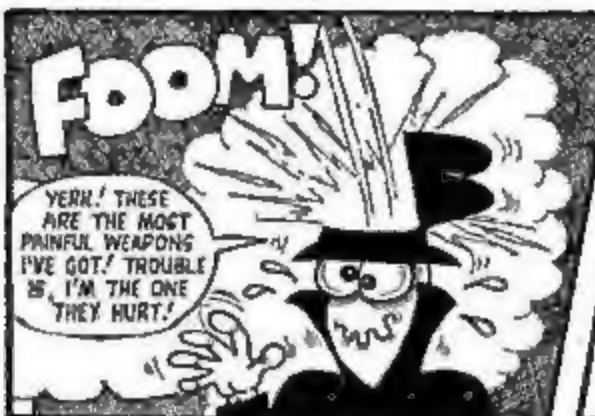
BABY WHAMSTER

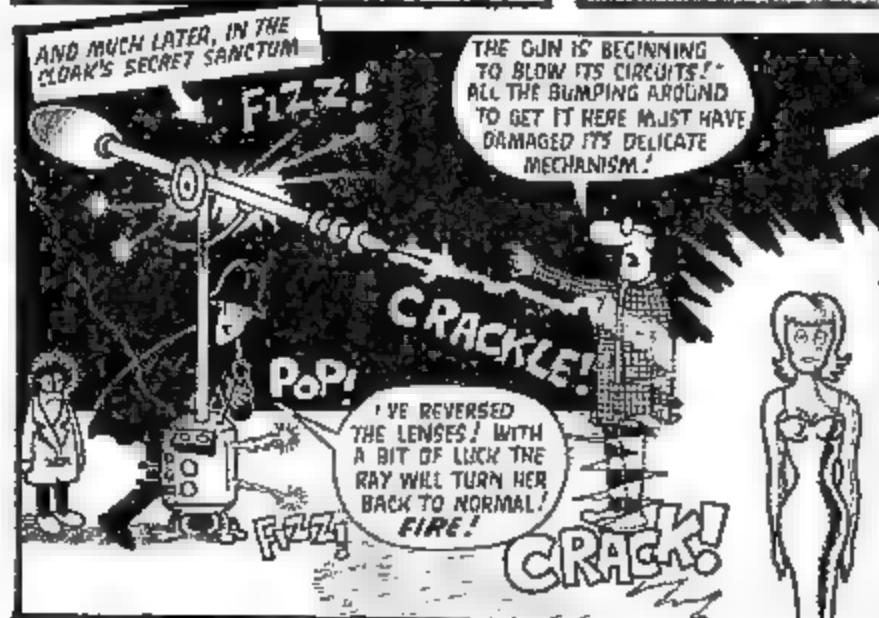
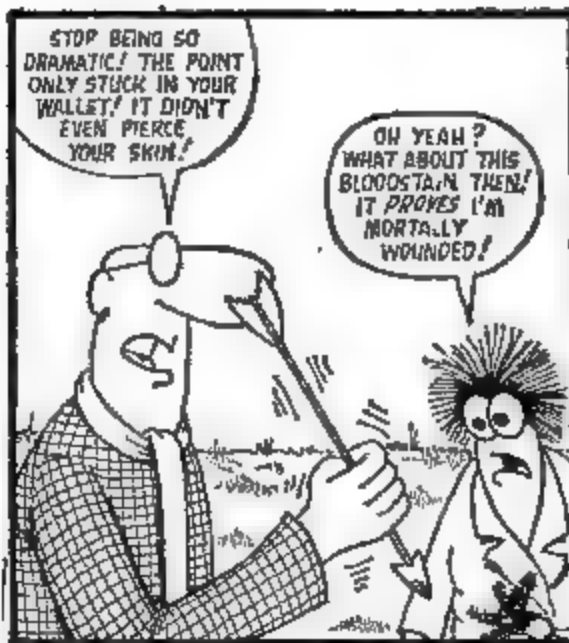


THE CLOAK'S HAVING FUN — ON THE RUN — WITH A GUN!

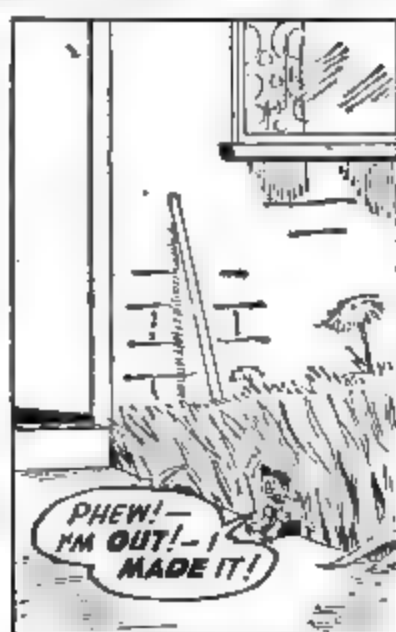


THE LEPRECHAUN HAS SANDWICHED OUR HEROES BETWEEN A FOREST OF INSTANT GIANT TOADSTOOLS...





SAMMY SHRINK





Help brighten our day, frantic ones, and send us a letter to: Pow-Wow, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And wait for it! If your letter is printed you win a genuine Spider-Man T-Shirt!

out 'cos I'm not!) I have every issue of POW since No. 43 and every issue of Fantastic since No. 51, and I think no comic ever published can equal POW. I think the Cloak is Grrreat!

P: Rootham,
R.A.F. Andover, Hants.

P.S. I enclose a picture of the greater spotted boob hunter.

We have to tell you about this picture of the greater spotted boob hunter that P. (Peter? Paul?) Rootham drew, even though we can't reproduce it. It includes: big head, horns for tearing apart good comics, telescopic eyes, nasty nose, forked tongue (him speak with), claws for picking through comics, spots for camouflage in currant bun, and block feet to stomp over comics. P. Rootham advises "shoot on sight," but we wouldn't want to do that. Heck, if no-one pointed out our mistakes we might get big-headed ourselves—perish the thought!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

In POW 66 when our friendly neighbourhood web-slinging Spider-Man finished fighting with the Crime-master, the Green Goblin went whizzing past, un-noticed by Spidey who was nearby. How come ol' web-head's spider-sense

did not warn him of the passing Green Goblin? I think your magazine POW is fab, especially ol' Spidey.

Jeffrey Williams,
Swansea.

Even the spider-sense goes on the blink sometimes . . . or not exactly that—look, you can see, can't you? But don't you sometimes walk past people you know in the street without noticing them? Or someone says, "Did you see that?" and you say "No" and have to turn round and look at what you looked at a minute before without seeing it. See? So Peter Parker doesn't always sense things—especially if he's got something on his mind—as he usually does!

Alf and Bart.

DON'T FORGET THE COUPON!

MY TWO FAVOURITE FEATURES IN 'POW' ARE:

1st Favourite.....

2nd Favourite.....

MY AGE IS..... Date.....

Dear Alf and Bart,

I've just discovered a giant-sized boob in POW No. 70, when the Fantastic Four were underwater (in "Side-by-Side With Sub-Mariner"). You showed them talking to each other, yet if they tried that under water all that would come out would be a series of gurgles or gurgles.

Benny Martin,
Belfast, N. Ireland.

Oho, no, we've got you there, Benny! The F.F. had made use of Reed Richard's fantastic oxo-spray, remember?—which enabled them to breathe under water. And we reckon that if they could breathe under water, they could talk under water! Sure thing!

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

I have been reading POW for the past seven or eight months. The stories I enjoy best are Spider-Man and the short stories. I get POW every Sunday from Connell's newsagency. Even my father enjoys POW. My brothers do too, except one who can't read it every week because he's joined the army. I swap my POWs with my pals and the rate of exchange is two other comics for one POW! Nearly all my pals at school have pictures on their T-shirts and they laugh at me because I have an ordinary T-shirt. So please send me a Spider-Man T-shirt so that I can laugh at them!

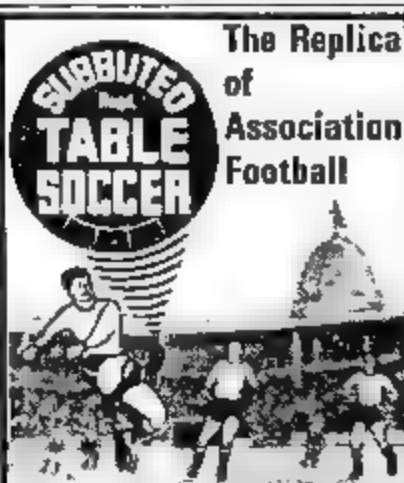
Ray Kilmartin,
Ennis, Co. Clare.

Happy to send you a T-shirt, Ray—but don't laugh at anybody too much bigger than yourself, will you? Shouldn't all super-hero-T-shirt wearers be buddies, anyway?

Alf and Bart.

Dear Alf and Bart,

Congratulations on the Fantastic Summer Special! (Don't think I'm leaving Cos



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THE TWO FACES OF JANUS



REPORTER CLIFF ADAM AND JANUS, THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD, ARE ONE AND THE SAME. FOR CLIFF HIDES THE EVIL FACE OF JANUS, CURSED UPON HIM BY A WITCHDOCTOR, WITH SPECIAL FILM MASKS. IN PARIS, CLIFF IS TRYING TO CATCH A MASTER CRIMINAL CALLED 'THE ARTIST', A GENIUS AT IMPERSONATION, WHO HAS CAPTURED A FAMOUS ARTIST, MILANDO. JANUS TRACKS THEM DOWN—

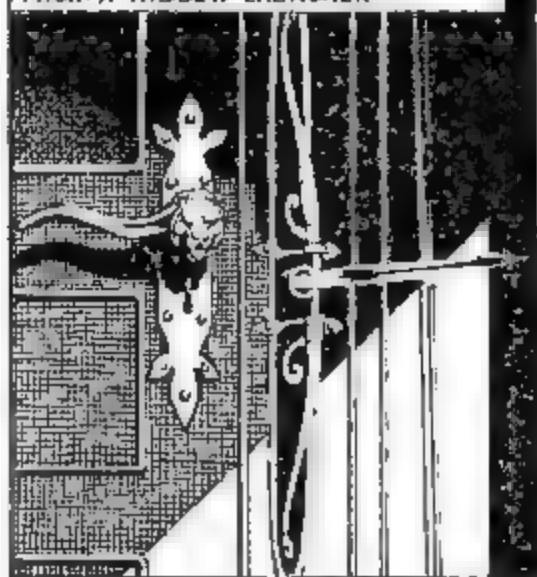
FROM HIS MONTMARTRE ATTIC LAIR 'THE ARTIST' LOOKS DOWN AT HIS GREATEST ENEMY...

JANUS, HE'S COMING IN HERE, ARTIST!

LET HIM! HE LITTLE KNOWS WHAT HE IS WALKING INTO.

BY MEANS OF THIS SIMPLE CONCEALED REMOTE-CONTROL SWITCH I SHALL—ERASE HIM!

BELOW, A NEEDLE-POINTED BOLT SLAMS FROM A HIDDEN LAUNCHER



...BUT MISSES ITS INTENDED TARGET...JANUS!

I GUESSED THERE WOULD BE A WELCOME FOR UNWANTED VISITORS. THAT'S WHY I SWITCHED ON MY GRAVITY ELIMINATOR!



BUT AS JANUS MOVES INTO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SMALL EMPTY ROOM...



UNBREAKABLE GLASS! IT'S SLAMMED DOWN ACROSS THE DOORWAY I'M LOCKED IN

AND AS THE "ROOM" BEGINS TO SHUDDER AND MOVE—UPWARDS



THIS ISN'T A ROOM AT ALL BUT A LIFT! AND THE WALLS ARE CLOSING IN ON ME!

THE LIFT STOPS—AND JANUS, PINNED BY THE MOVEABLE WALLS, FACES THE ARTIST

WE MEET AGAIN, JANUS A MEETING THAT MAY WELL BE YOUR LAST!

CAN'T MOVE MY ARMS! CAN'T GET AT MY LASER PISTOL TO DEFEND MYSELF!



MEANWHILE, NEARBY IN THE STREETS OF MONTMARTRE, BETTY MAIR, "DAILY BANNER" PHOTOGRAPHER IS ALSO FOLLOWING A TRAIL



YES! I DID SEE THIS MAN NOT MANY MINUTES AGO! SUCH A FACE IS UNFORGETTABLE! HE WENT INTO THAT BUILDING!

I'VE FOUND HIM! THE MOST WANTED MAN IN THE WORLD! BUT FIRST I MUST MAKE SURE!

THIS DERELICT HOUSE LOOKS RIGHT INTO THE WINDOWS OF THE OTHER PLACE WHERE JANUS MAY BE! THIS IS HOW I CAN MAKE SURE!



FROM THE TOP-FLOOR WINDOW, USING HER TELEPHOTO LENS CAMERA SHE SEES



JANUS IS IN THERE! BUT HE'S STANDING SO STILL! SO STRANGELY! WHY, I WONDER?

AND IN THE ARTIST'S GARRET, WHAT BETTY SEES IS



YOU KNOW TOO MUCH TO LIVE, JANUS!

I CAN DO NOTHING TO DEFEND MYSELF. IS THIS MY END? TO DIE LIKE A TRAPPED RAT?

A GASP OF HORROR BURSTS FROM THE LIPS OF THE WIDENED PAINTER MILANDO...



THIS SWITCH WILL CAUSE THE WALLS TO CLOSE COMPLETELY TOGETHER, JANUS! CRUSHING THE LIFE FROM YOU BETWEEN THEM.

NO! NO!



NO! YOU MUST NOT DO THIS TERRIBLE THING! I CANNOT LET YOU ..

UUUUHH! ... GRAB HIM, YOU FOOLS!



YOU KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, FOR ME, MILANDO. PAINT ME PICTURES THAT WILL SELL FOR A FORTUNE.. AND ONLY IF YOU DO AS I COMMAND WILL YOU CONTINUE TO LIVE!



WITNESS WHAT WILL BE YOUR FATE IF YOU REFUSE MY REQUEST ..

MILANDO'S ATTACK MADE HIM MOVE THAT SWITCH BACK .. JUST A FRACTION THE WALLS ARE NOT SO CLOSE ..

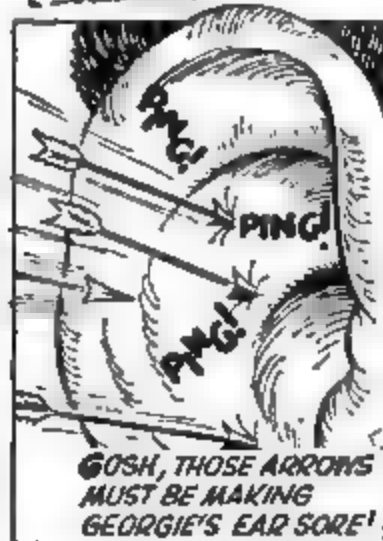
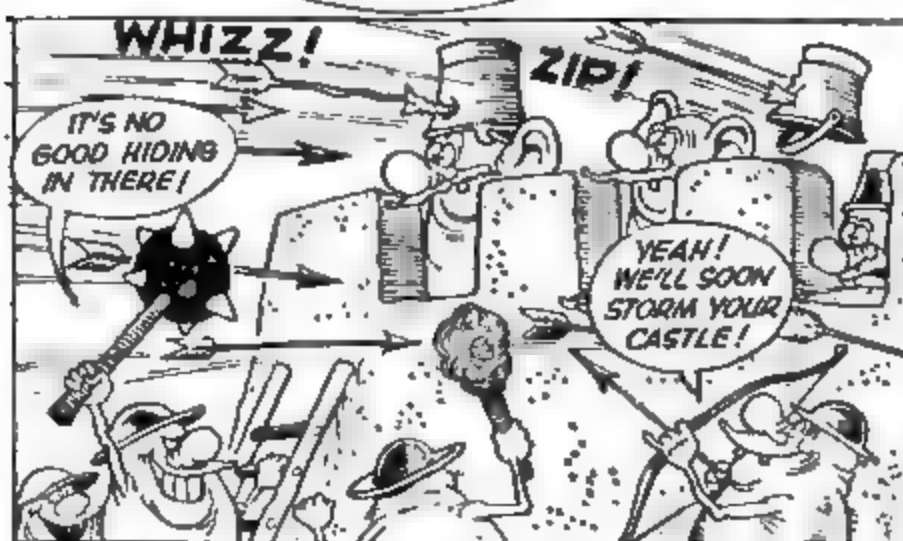


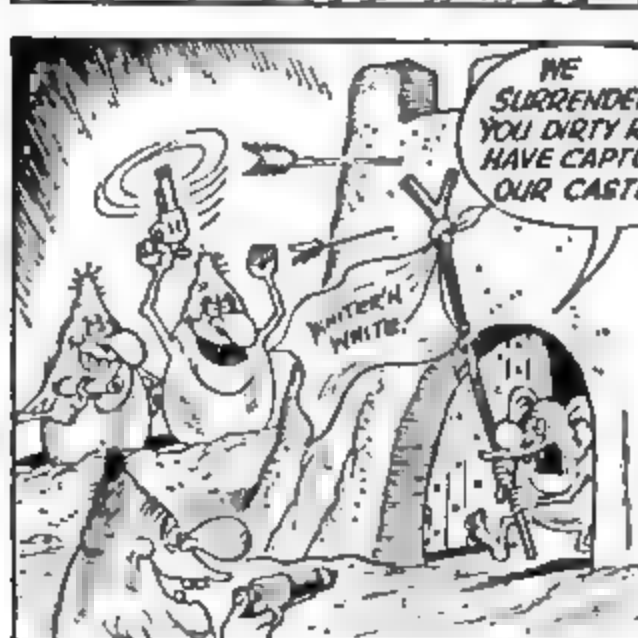
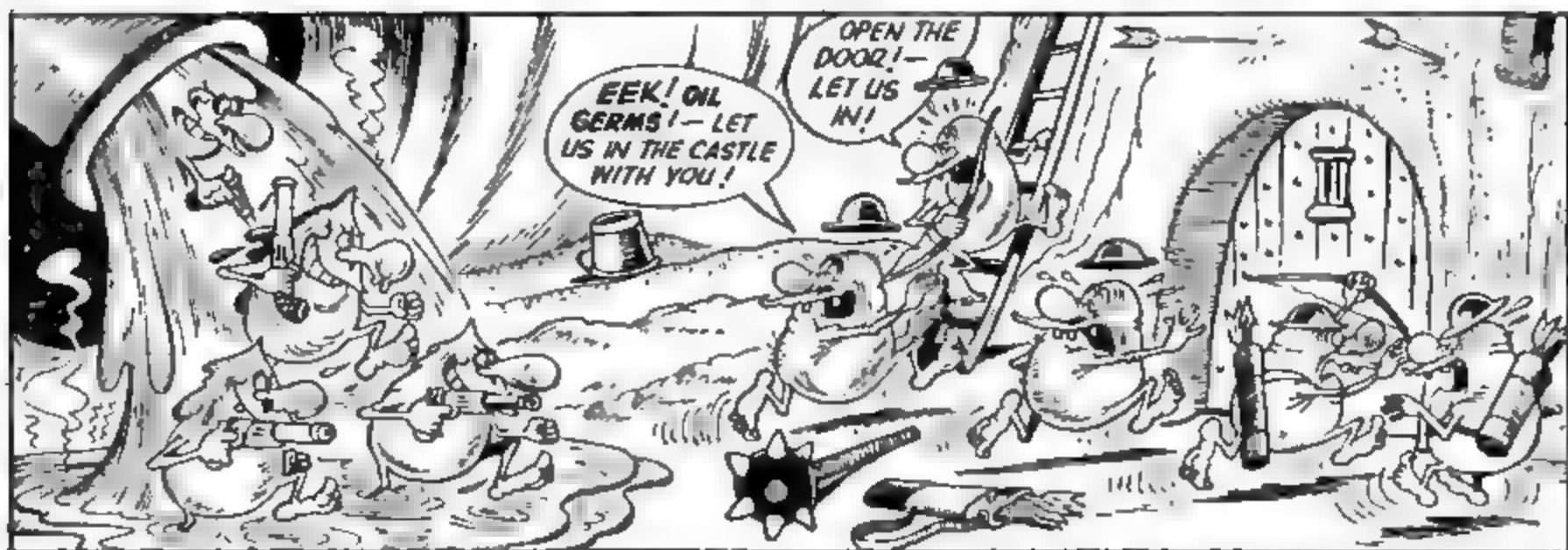
WATCH THE ALTERNATIVE TO OBEYING ME, MILANDO WATCH JANUS DIE!

BUT THERE'S STILL NOT ENOUGH ROOM TO MOVE MY ARMS! NOT ENOUGH TO REACH MY LASER GUN...

NEXT WEEK - CAN JANUS SURVIVE?

GEORGIE'S GERMS







NEWS FLASH! PETER PARKER IS NURSING AN ACHING HEART BECAUSE REPORTER NED LEEDS HAS ASKED BETTY BRANT TO MARRY HIM. **NEWS FLASH!** J.J. JAMESON HAS OFFERED A BIG REWARD FOR THE CAPTURE OF THE BURGLAR KNOWN AS THE CAT... AND P.S. J.J. REALISES SPIDEY IS AFTER THE CAT! TO PAY OUT BIG MONEY TO OL' WEBHEAD WOULD KILL J.J., SO HE SETS A SPY TO FIND THE CAT BEFORE SPIDEY DOES!

MEANWHILE, AT A LOCAL UNDER-WORLD HANGOUT...

J.J. PATCH: I THINK I'VE GOT A LINE ON THE CAT!

THERE'S ONE SECOND-STORY MAN WHO HASN'T BEEN SEEN AROUND HERE LATELY--AND THE CAT HAS MOST OF HIS TRADEMARKS!



I CAN'T BE SURE YET, BUT I'LL CHECK HIM OUT! IF I GET ANY EVIDENCE, I'LL CALL YOU BACK AND TIP OFF THE POLICE!

YEAH! YEAH! SURE! SURE! DO THAT! DO THAT!



HAH! NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE!

IF ONLY WE CAN NAB HIM BEFORE THAT WEB-HEADED WEASEL GETS INTO THE ACT!



AND, AT THE HOME OF THAT 'WEB-HEADED WEASEL' (WHO SHALL BE NAMELESS!)...

I'M GOING TO VISIT MRS. WATSON FOR A WHILE, PETER DEAR... WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG?

NO, THANKS, AUNT MAY! ENJOY YOURSELF-- I'LL BE OKAY!



UH OH! THAT'S PROBABLY BETTY AGAIN! I CAN'T PICK IT UP-- I MIGHT SAY SOMETHING I'D REGRET!



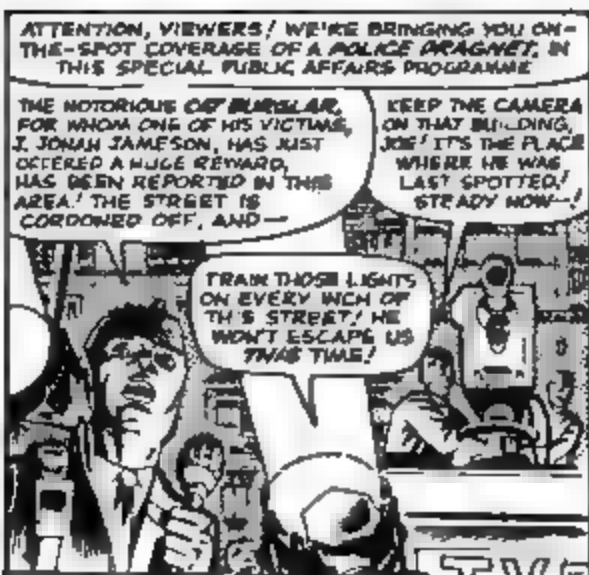
PETER MUST BE HOME BY NOW! WHY DOESN'T HE ANSWER THE PHONE? WHY WON'T HE TALK TO ME??

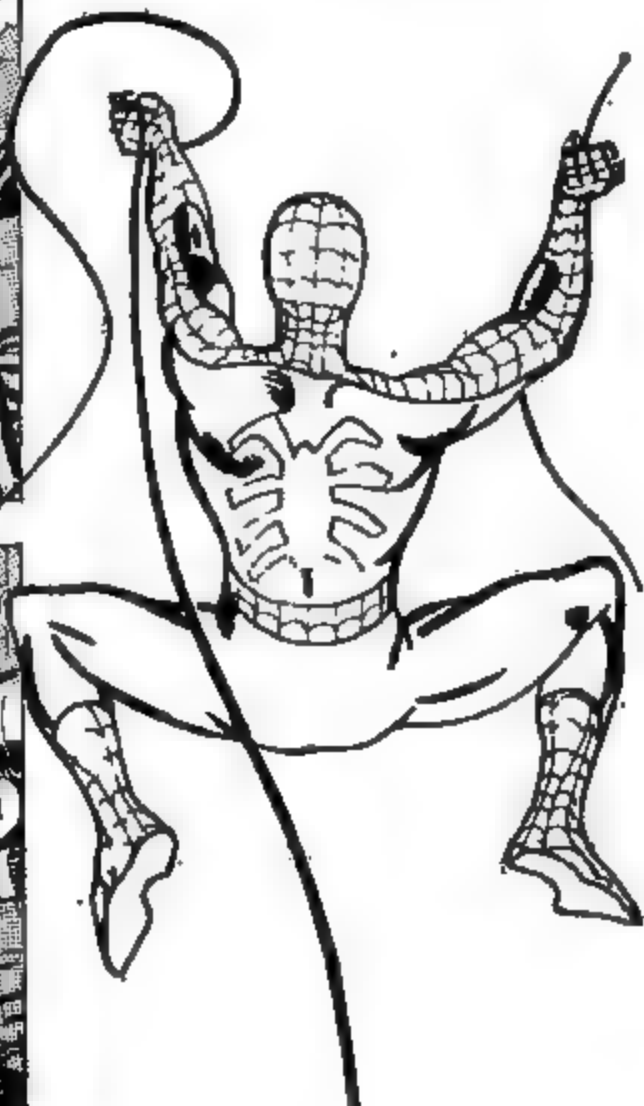


I CAN'T TAKE IT! IF I STAY THERE, I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP MYSELF-- I'LL HAVE TO PICK IT UP!

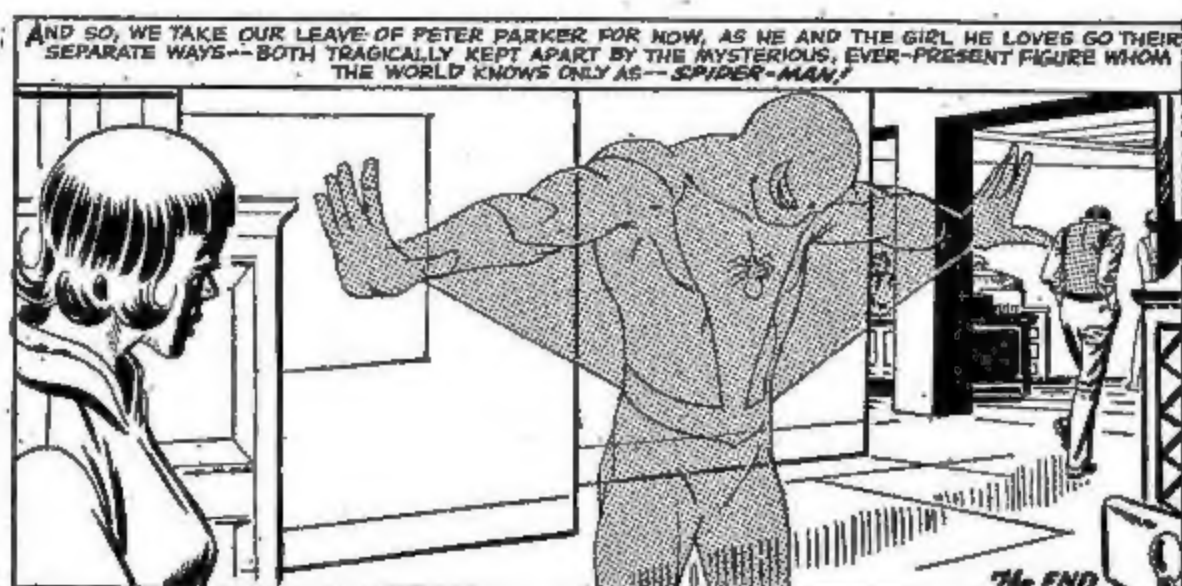
I'LL GET OUT OF THE HOUSE! IT'S THE ONLY WAY!











news from the floor of 64!

64, LONG ACRE LONDON W.C.2.

ALL LIFE'S A COMPETITION!... so our Wise Old Feller says: He could be right, too. Certainly that's the kind of remark Wise Old Fellers are supposed to come out with. And just as certainly life seems to be like that up here in the garret. We editorializers often get the notion that quite apart from competing with other publications, we also seem to be competing against the clock, against printers' deadlines, and against the editorial-type gremlins who shift commas and capital letters into the wrong place and fasten the odd balloon of dialogue on to the wrong character. Meaning those BOOBS you tigers out there sometimes spot and write in to tell us about. Meaning that you shouldn't blame us at all! And we bet you think that's us coming out with a deep dug excuse! Right? See what we mean? For a moment we nearly had ourselves competing with YOU!...

AND SPEAKING OF COMPETITIONS... on this page you see that instead of including our usual list of Twenty Proud Power-Packed People we've given pride of place to **TWENTY-FIVE LUCKY POWER-PACKED PEOPLE!** In other words the winners of our "WIN A SPEED-DISC COMPETITION"! Right happy we are to send these great L.P.s, fellers. Only wish we could send one to all of you tigers who entered. But to do THAT we'd need a WAREHOUSE full of records. And in next to no time we'd find ourselves in the disc biz! And we have problems enough as it is!

COMPETITIONS... well, we can't reveal any real info now but we're WORKING on giving you some more, and not too long

TWENTY-FIVE LUCKY POWER-PACK PEOPLE...

Kevin Anthony, 43 Bradbury Road, Winsford, Cheshire; Lawrence Baylin, 12 Loxford Lane, Rford, Essex; David Bell, 69 Shaw Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport, Ches.; Martin Clark, 74 Ravens Way, Lee Green, London, S.E.12; Terry Corbett, 63 Taddington Road, Chaddesden, Derby; Barrie Debbage, 2 Witton Lane, Little Plumstead, Norwich, NOR 52Z; David Feber, 242 Wendover Road, Aylesbury, Bucks.; Neil Fitzpatrick, 136 Gathurst Road, Orrell, Nr. Wigan, Lancs.; Keith Floyd, 35 Ashfield Road, Kings Heath, Birmingham 14; Tony Fowler, 10 Bridport Avenue, Ipswich, Suffolk; Paul Guiver, 35 Suffolk Road, Maldon, Essex; David Guttery, 20 Fordson Road, Springfield, Chelmsford, Essex; Joseph Hanley, 12 Heather Grove, Keighley, Yorks.; P. Jones, 14 Clayton Lane, Openshaw, Manchester 11; Andrew Lamb, 10 Forker Avenue, Romfih, Fife, Scotland; Howard Lines, 7 Penmark Row, Hirwaun, Nr. Aberdare Glam.; Andrew Luscombe, 8 Saltram Villas, Marsh Mills, Plympton, Plymouth, Devon; Robert Middleton, 14 Butchers Bridge Road, Jarrow-on-Tyne, Co. Durham; Tom Pattison, 64 Hillview Drive, Clarkston, Glasgow; Martin Ricketts, "Chez-Nous," Cleeve Drive, Cleeve, Somerset; John Roche, 49 Idadesleigh Road, Queens Park, Bedford; C. J. Simpson, 22 The Keep, Kirby Muxloe, Leicesters; Roger Swinney, Arun Mead, Coldwaltham, Pulborough, Sussex; David White, 30 Bligh Way, Earl Estate, Strood, Kent; Brian Winder, 42 Golgotha Road, Bowerham, Lancaster, Lancs.

hence, either. Soon as WE know we'll let YOU know! But until then, just to keep you in poser-pulverising trim we've started a couple of bright new features in FANTASTIC. Right now, in this week's very issue of the world's top super-hero weekly (FANTASTIC, of course!) you'll find a specially geniused-up POWERHOUSE CROSSWORD! The reason? Well, you'd be surprised how many of your letters ASK for same. And as we are told crosswords are ALL THE RAGE right now, we just HAD to have one for YOU! And we're going to keep them coming... every week

in you-know-where! ALSO in FANTASTIC now and every week, there's a 'SPOT THE BOOB' new feature. Means just what it says. Every week, we make a DELIBERATE boob in one of the pictures (deliberate! Not the kind we usually make!) PLUS (should any of you need it) a jingle clue to help solve the mystery. No prizes for these two regular competitions in FANTASTIC! They're just there for FUN! So get FANTASTIC. Have a go! 'Cause if our Wise Old Feller's right... if all life IS a competition... then you should be right in there... swinging!

Dare-a-Day

DAVY

BEFORE WE SALLY FORTH ON THIS WEEK'S MASSACRE, FOLKS, SEPTIMUS SLURP - THE POW STAMP-LICKER - HAS A MESSAGE FOR YOU...

Send a dare to DAVY on a P.C. addressed:- DARE-A-DAY DAVY, POW, 64 Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.....

SORRY, THERE'S NO "SCHIZOSCOPE" PORTRAIT THIS WEEK, POW-PALS! THE INTERNAL MACHINE BLEW UP LAST TUESDAY WHEN DAVY TRIED TO PRODUCE AN "INNER-SELF" OF BASH!

BUT WE'RE WORKING FRANTICALLY TO HAVE IT READY FOR NEXT WEEK, AND -

-OOPS! SEEMS THEY'VE GOT IT WORKING AGAIN ALREADY!

GUR-R! I AM NOT NO SCHIZO-PORTRAIT - IT'S ME - DAVY!

AND YOU'D LOOK LIKE THIS IF YOU'D RECEIVED A DARE LIKE THE ONE I'VE RECEIVED!

AND HERE, FOLKS, IS THE "DARE-IMAGE" THAT MALICIOUSLY MATERIALISED FROM MICHAEL SCHOLAS, OF 14 CLIFFE HILL AVENUE, STAFFORD, NOTTINGHAM...

HEE-HEE-HEE! HA-HA-R! CACKLE!

I'VE DARED HIM TO ENTER FOR THE MUSTER UNIVERSE CONTEST!

-AND THAT'S THE REASON WHY DAVY LOOKED SO DISGRUNTLED AND DISGUSTED IN PICTURE 2!

HAH! WHAT CHANCE HAVE I GOT AGAINST BODIES WITH BICEPS BIGGER THAN MY CHEST?

KRINK! CRACK

GASPY WHISTLE PUFF!

GRUNT DAVY CROAK



I TRIED TO TALK HIM OUT OF IT, BUT THE GOTTEN "INNER-SELF" OBJECTED - ER - WITH HIS FIST!

HAHHH! GASPY GURGLE!



GOSH! A TOUGH GUY! I DARE YOU TO THUMP BASHYR BIGGS!

OH, NO! (GASP!) A-A DARE!

CRACK-CROAK-CROAK!



BASHYR BIGGS, LOCAL THUG AND FOUNDER OF THE JUNIOR MAFIA RING, KEEPS HIMSELF FEARFUL AND FENDISH BY JACKING UP TEN-TON THROCKS (MINUS JACK) - AND CRACKING CONCRETE SLABS WITH HIS TEETH -

-GUR-R! SNARL! I HATE EVERYBODY, 'CAPT MYSELF!

-AND IT'S NOT THROUGH HIS PARENTS SPOILING HIM. HE WAS BORN ROTTEN - WITH CAULIFLOWER EARS - AND OUGHT TO BE PRINCELESSLY DESTROYED, FOR HIS OWN GOOD - AND EVERYBODY ELSE'S!



-ESPECIALLY DAVY'S!

ER! - HEH-HEH! I'VE BEEN DARED TO PUNCH YOU, A-AM! I CAN'T RESIST! ER - BUT YOU WON'T FEEL IT 'COS I'M AS WEEK AS A MOTTEN THROUGH GETTIN' FIT!

DAVY! GO AHEAD, BUD! AM! I PROMISE I WON'T LAY A PAW ON YA!

TA, PAL!



-I ALWAYS SAY THERE'S A BIT O' GOOD - EVEN IN THE WORST OF PEOPLE!

-AGHH! CRUNCH!



HA-HA-R! SERVES YA RIGHT FOR TRUSTIN' PEOPLE!



ONE FIGHT-FOR-LIFE LATER, AT THE DRESS HIRE SHOP...

GRAHH-HH! ROAR! SNARL! BELLOW!

QUICK! DISGUISE ME! BASHYR BIGGS HAS TURNED CANNIBAL!

COSTUMES FOR HIRE

CERTAINLY, YOUNG GIE -

WIGS



-WE HAVE HERE A NUTTY NAPOLEON ENSEMBLE - IDEALLY SUITED TO YOU! YOU CAN REST YOUR CORRUGATED ARM BETWEEN THE SECOND AND THIRD BUTTONS!

ANYTHIN'! ANYTHIN'! SO LONG AS I DON'T LOOK LIKE ME!



WE ALSO HAVE THESE EXCELLENT MONKEY OUTFITS, AIR! SO REALISTIC THAT OUR LAST CUSTOMER WAS PICKED UP BY A TRAVELLING CIRCUS AND IS NOW BILLED AS "BOO-BOO" THE MANIC MONKEY! -BLAH-BLAH-YAK-YAK-YAK!

BAH! THIS NATTERIN' NIT'LL GO ON FOR EVER! YOU WOULDN'T THINK MY LIFE WAS AT STAKE! I'LL HELP MYSELF!



AND SO, AFTER DRABBING THE FIRST THINGS TO HAND...

HEE-HEE! ARE YOU THERE, MICHAEL? YOU WOULDN'T FANCY CHANGING YOUR DARE TO - ER - THE MISS WORLD CONTEST, WOULD YOU?

GUR-R! QUIT, YOU THWIP! I BET YOU KNEW ALL ALONG I'D NEVER GET NEAR THE CONTEST!

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